Captain JOHN PEDDIE:

AN

HEROIC POEM.

Arma, Virumque cano. ———

VIRG. Æneid. Lib. I.

Unà Euruſque Notuſque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus: et vaſtos volvunt ad litora fluctus.

VIRG. Æneid. Lib. I.

By a GENTLEMAN,
Late of *Baliol College*, in *Oxford*.

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WHILE homeward bound brave *PEDDIE* makes his Way,
From Weſtern Clime, through the wide trackleſs Sea;
A ſtout tall *Spaniard*, of ſuperior Size,
Crowds all her Sail, and meditates the Prize.
Bears down upon him, vaunting in her Force;
And gives a Shot, to ſtop th' intended Courſe.
The *Britiſh* Chief, unknowing yet to yield,
Diſdains to ſtrike; ſtill plows the liquid Field.
The leaden Mandate dauntleſs he returns;
Hurls Fire for Fire, and anſwers Guns with Guns.

HIGH

HIGH on the Deck th' intrepid Heroe ſtands:
His Sword wide waving, gives the due Commands.
In his fix'd Look the warlike Ardour glows,
Through each full Vein the purple Current flows:
With mounting Spirits, and heroic Shew,
He pants for Fight, and animates the Crew.
The ready Sailors to their Poſt repair;
Aſpire to Conqueſt in th' unequal War.
From the charg'd Cannon *Britain*'s Thunder roars;
Far ecch'ing, ſhakes *Iberia*'s trembling Shores.
The full mann'd Cruizer *, from her loaded Sides
Pours the big War, and in her Strength confides.
The PRINCE OF ORANGE ſtill maintains the Fight;
True Courage fears no Odds of boaſted Might.
Four reeking Hours the fierce Engagement burns;
While both ſeem Victors, conquer'd both by Turns.
In hardy Prowels, and advent'rous Deeds,
The Combat rages, and the Battle bleeds.
Death's dreadful Harbingers, thick Bullets fly,
Whiz through the Air, and ſing along the Sky.
With wounding Shock each batter'd Ship aſſail,
In Clouds of Smoak, and Show'rs of Iron Hail.
Diſmay'd

* The *Spaniſh* Privateer.

Diſmay'd, at length the Privateer retires,
Nor longer dares the Flaſh of *Britiſh* Fires.
Her Courage droops; ſhe quits the martial Toil;
Sheers off in Haſte, and leaves the hop'd for Spoil.

WHAT Naval Honours to thy Worth are due,
Illuſtrious Captain, and thy valiant Crew?
Who 'gainſt ſuch pow'rful Numbers durſt engage,
Yet ſav'd thy freighted Bark from hoſtile Rage?
As if thou *Mars*' whole Engin'ry had'ſt known,
Dangers thy Scorn, and War were all thy own.

FAR ſpreading Fame, thy Silver Trumpet ſound;
From Pole to Pole let the ſtrong Blaſt rebound.
Thro' diſtant Realms the great Exploit proclaim;
To utmoſt *Thülë* waft th' emblazon'd Name.

WHILE home he ſteers for fair *Auguſta*'s Tow'rs,
Plum'd with fond Hopes to reach his native Shores;
Portending Storms, the *Southern Monſoon* ſweeps
The wrinkled Surface of the wat'ry Deeps.
Black Air ſcowls o'er the Ship; the Ev'ning lours;
And rattling Hail drives down in haſty Show'rs.

Night veils the Main: and hov'ring Darkneſs ſpreads
Its ſable Horrors round the Top-Maſt's Head.
Tempeſtuous Guſts drive on the gath'ring Clouds;
Howl o'er the Maſts, and rattle in the Shrouds.
From the South-Weſt th' impetuous Whirlwind pours
Th' engender'd Storm; and loud old Ocean roars.
The riſing Tempeſt Heav'ns whole Face deforms,
And the wild Hurricane deſcends in Storms.
The lab'ring Ship is toſs'd by furious Tides,
Rolls on the Waves, which laſh her trembling Sides:
Reels to and fro; nor certain Steerage knows:
The foamy Billows ſwell, the Tempeſt grows.
Now Pray'rs in vain aſcend; nor Vows appeaſe
Th' *Æolian* Rage, which lifts the troubled Seas.
The tott'ring Bark, unable to ſuſtain
The breaking Surge of the tumultuous Main;
Drives on at large, in *Margate* Road is loſt;
Forc'd on the Sands, and ſtranded on the Coaſt.

YET ſtill the Brave are Heav'n's peculiar Care;
Whom whelming Seas revere, and Tempeſts ſpare.
Great *JOVE* preſerves him from a wat'ry Grave,
When threat'ning Death rode on each Mountain Wave.

WELCOME,

WELCOME, brave *PEDDIE*, to thy Country's
Arms!
Secure in Storms, unhurt 'mid War's Alarms.
On thee the Stream of Royal Bounty flows,
And high Regard for matchleſs Valour ſhews.
Britannia's Sons in thy loud Praiſes join,
Pleas'd to reward diſtreſſed Worth like thine.
Thy hardy Sailors, who the Wreck ſurvive,
Partake the Boon, and by a *Tempeſt* thrive.

WITH inbred Courage quell the Pride of *Spain:*
Aſſert the *Britiſh* Flag, and vindicate the Main.
Each haughty Don, when he thy Veſſel ſpies,
Conſents to Fear, and from Deſtruction flies:
The fatal BAS'LISK * murders with her Eyes.

UNDER thy Guardian Wing, in Safety ſteers
The trading Merchant, and forgets his Fears.
Secure from *Spaniſh* Outrage, plows his Way;
The Ocean ſmiles, and ev'ry Wave looks gay.

* Alluding to a Ship call'd the BASILISK, the Command of which was given to Captain *PEDDIE.*

Or

Or with furl'd Sails in ſhelt'ring Harbour rides;
Safe from aſſaulting Foes, and boiſt'rous Tides.

EACH *Briton*'s Breath ſhall waft thee proſp'rous Gales;
Shall ſpeed thy Courſe, and ſwell the boſom'd Sails.
With double Force attack th' inſulting Foe;
While Gratitude and Courage ſtrike the Blow.
'Tis thine, in Fight great Actions to perform;
To riſe by Shipwreck, and enjoy a Storm.

FINIS.